

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buc. What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels
Supplication?

King. Ile send some holy Bishop to intreat:
For God forbid, so many simple soules
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But stay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lonely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the same.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy
head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.
King. How now Madam?

Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolkes* death?
I feare me (*Loue*) if that I had bene dead,
Thou would'st not haue mourn'd so much for me.

Qu. No my *Loue*, I should not mourne, but dye for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in
such haste?

Mess. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,
And calles your Grace *Vsurper*, openly.
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in *Westminster*.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of *Hindes* and *Pezants*, rude and mercilesse:
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All *Schollers*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call false *Catterpillers*, and intend their death.

King. Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolke* now aliue,
These *Kentish* Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with vs to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Cittie will I stay,
And liue alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*.
The *Citizens* flye and forsake their houses:
The *Rascall* people, thirsting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyndly sweare
To spoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolke* is decest.

King. Farewell my Lord, trust not the *Kentish* Rebels

Buc. Trust no body for feare you be traid.

Say. The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters
two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?

1. Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:

For they haue wonne the *Bridge*,
Killing all those that withstand them:
The *L. Maior* craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to *Smithfield*, and gather head,
And thither I will send you *Mathew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his
staffe on London stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere sitting vpon *London Stone*,
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost
The pissing Conduit run nothing but *Clarret Wine*.
This first yeare of our raigne.

And now henceforward it shall be *Treason* for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wife, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke*

Cade more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.
Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together
in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:

But first, go and set *London Bridge* on fire,

And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. *Mathew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest.
Then enter *Iacke Cade*, with his Company.

Cade. So first: now go some and pull downe the Sauoy:
Others to the *Innes* of Court, downe with them all.

Ent. I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that
word.

But. Onely that the *Lawes* of England may come out
of your mouth.

John. Masse 'twill be sore Law then, for he was thrust
in the mouth with a *Speare*, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath
stinks with eating toasted cheefe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be
the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes

Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-
mon. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mess. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,
which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay
one and twenty *Shillings*, and one *Shilling* to the pound,
the last Subsidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:
Ah thou *Say*, thou *Surge*, nay thou *Buckram* Lord, now
art thou within point-blanke of our *Iurisdiction* Regall.
What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of
Normandie vnto *Monsieur Basmeck*, the *Dolphine* of
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen
the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou
art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of
the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and where-
as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the
Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,
and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou
hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face,
that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a
Noune and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as
no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoint-
ed Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-
bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreouer,
thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not
rede, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for
that cause they haue bene most worthy to liue. Thou
do'st ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare
a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hofs
and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-
ample, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What say you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks *La-
tine*.

Say. Heare me but speake, and beare mee where you
will:

Kent, in the Commentaries *Cesar* writ,

'Is term'd the ciuel' st place of all this Isle:

Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,

The People Liberall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,

Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.

I told not *Maine*, I told not *Normandie*,

Yet to recouer them would loose my life:

Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,

Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.

When haue I ought exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,

Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clerkes,

Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King.

And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.

Vnlesse you be possest with diuellish spirits,

You cannot but forbeare to murder me:

This Tongue hath parlied vnto *Forraigne Kings*

For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: soft haue I struck

Those that I neuer saw, and strucke them dead.

Gen. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde

Folkes?

Say. These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o' the eare, and that wil make 'em
red againe.

Say. Long sitting to determine poore mens causes,
Hath made me full of sicknesse and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help
of hatchet.

Dicke. Why dost thou quier man?

Say. The Palsie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddas at vs, as who should say, Ile be

euen with you. Ile see if his head will stand steddier on

a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him!

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended most?

Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.

Are my Chests fill'd vp with extorted Gold?

Is my Apparrell sumptuous to behold?

Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye seeke my death?

These hands are free from guiltlesse bloodshedding.

This breast from harbouring soule deceitfull thoughts.

O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorse in my selfe with his wordes: but

Ile bridle it: he shall dye, and it bee but for pleading so

well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vn-
der his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Go, take

him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then

breake into his Sonne in *Lawes* house, *Sir James Cromer*,

and strike off his head, and bring them both vppon two

poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countymen: If when you make your prair's,

God should be so obdurate as your selues:

How would it fare with your departed soules,

And therefore yet relent, and saue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the

proudest Peere in the Realme, shall not weare a head on

his shoulders, vnlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not

a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her *Mayden-
head* ere they haue it: Men shall hold of mee in Capite.

And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free

as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,

When shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take vp commodi-
ties vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer:

Let them kisse one another: For they lou'd well

When they were aliue. Now part them againe,

Least they consult about the giuing vp

Of some more Townes in France. Soldiers,

Deferre the spoile of the Citie vntill night:

For with these borne before vs, in steed of Maces,

Will we ride through the streets, & at every Corner

Haue them kisse. Away. *Exit*

Alarm, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade,

and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp *Fish-streete*, downe *Saint Magnes* corner,

kill and knocke downe, throw them into *Thames*:

Sound a parley.

What noife is this I heare?

Dare any be so bold to sound *Retreat* or *Parley*

When I command them kill?

Enter